

# THE MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF  
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,  
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF  
*Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.*

“Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀόρατόν τι καὶ ἀσώματον,  
καὶ πάγκalon τι καὶ θεῖον ἐστίν.”

PLAT. *Phædo*, sec. xxxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,  
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

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THAT Art has a life-time very assimilative with the career of human existence, is not merely a poetical metaphor—not only has it an infancy, a manhood, and a decay; but sicknesses, distempers, frivolities, extravagancies, passions, changes of fashion and feature—amours, wedlocks, legitimate and illegitimate offspring—childish imitation, youthful ambition, mature achievement, sober repose, dwindling, and sometimes hasty demise. A thousand examples might be adduced in proof; but the long death-sleep of Grecian Art, from whose tomb we have gathered fragments which, like the fossil bones of the mammoth, are sufficing evidences of its once living grandeur; and the present second childishness of music in Italy, where she can no more bear comparison with her former vigour than the dank green mildew upon a garden temple is to be mistaken for the once bright vernal hues of the tree that furnished its timber. Such are unanswerable corroborators of the truth of our position; and whoever will patiently trace the course of an artistic vitality, will find it fully realized in all its various bearings.

In the midst of the sweeping current that hurries us along upon its bosom, it is pleasant and profitable sometimes to eddy oneself out of the stream, and take refuge in some quiet inlet or harbour, where we may for a moment forget the present, retrospect the past, and forelook for, if not foresee, the future. How happy would it be for humanity, could it thus survey itself; what errors it might discover—what dangers it might avoid—at least, so say the philosophers; but, as we have no very self-sufficient pretensions in that way, we will leave the discussion to their superior wisdom, and give ourselves and our readers the advantage of a glance or two at matters with which, we flatter ourselves, we may presume upon having a deeper and more familiar acquaintance.

Let us then, retrace the lifetime of music in this country, or that portion of it which has passed during the last twenty-five years. Let us call to mind those days, now twaddlingly called the “good old times,” when Music lay in its cradle—

VOL. XV.—NEW SERIES, VOL. VIII.

T

the posthumous child of a long-departed parent, nurtured almost exclusively by accidental foreign aid, and taught its childish hymns in the unsophisticated uninformed of the nursery. Let us remember that in those days our orchestras were of necessity filled by second-rate exotics; our musical societies recording in their lists a full moiety of foreign names; our boarding school misses imbibed their lingual and musical enlightenments very frequently from the same alien individuals, and when, to be a musician or a foreigner was almost synonymous. Let us next turn to the establishment of the Philharmonic Society, which, as necessity is said to be the "mother of invention," may fairly claim the title of the "father of improvement." Next, we shall view the foundation of the Royal Academy of Music, then, the Society of British Musicians; then, the Exeter Hall Society of Amateurs; and from these the countless branches and tendrils, that have overspread the land, giving a new springtime verdure to our oldest and worn-out musical institutions.

It is true we had in those bygone times, an Italian Opera which could afford to produce its *Proserpinas*, its *Don Giovanni's*, and its *Barbieres*, and could rely for its support on such salubrious farina—alas! how has the teacher become the truant—the Pharos, a rock of danger! but we have now a German Opera, affording us by its chorus, a musical version of the precept of the "bundle of sticks;" and we have a choral society most apt and willing to profit by the lesson—moreover, we have an English Opera, which, though infantine and sick in its teething, has yet the germ and bones of a future manhood within it—we have sterling instrumentalists enough to people an efficient orchestra in every province of the empire—we have singers scattered over the globe, sufficient to supply a lyrical theatre of no mean pretensions—and we have composers at home whose ability and right-minded ambition, when brought into play, will assuredly find few rivals amongst the present musicians of the world. We must not, however, be led into the mistake that our promise is our strength, or that the laurel is won before the battle is fought—we are yet but musical infants, in our non-age; our rapid growth is but the probable presage of a stature yet to be made muscular and formidable—we are, in fact, only assured of our capability to be improved; and it behoves us all, from the highest patron to the humblest tyro, to do all that in us lies for the furtherance of the good cause—to relax not in our struggle—to quail not at discouragement—nay, to pall not by defeat. Thus nourished, and thus supported—may Music in England attain a good old golden age—may she enjoy a long lifetime and a glorious one.

#### THE LIFE OF A COMPOSER, AN ARABESQUE.

BY CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

(Continued from page 293.)

At this period I was fond of romances, and frequently ventured far beyond my depth. I travelled early into the dangerous ideal world, but not altogether without advantage; from the images of the innumerable heroes successively presented to my mind, I learned to cull out the ideal of excellence. My father travelled with me; I saw a great part of Europe, but only as in a mirror or in a dream, for I saw it through the eyes of others. I increased my stock of knowledge, and from being a mere empiric, betook myself to theoretical works. A new world was opened to me; I thought to exhaust the treasures of all knowledge; I de-

voured all systems; I blindly built my faith upon the authority of great names, according to the estimation in which they were held in the world, and—I *knew nothing*.

It was now that my good mother died; she had not laid down any determinate plan for me to pursue, but she had informed and stored my mind with those general principles which will ever form the props and groundwork of my future life and conduct.

I lived in the same town with you; and though you were an artist like myself, and on the same instrument too, yet I was long on friendly terms with you, without cherishing any other feeling than that of honourable emulation. At length, designing and malicious persons whispered into my too credulous ear, that you had spoken of me and of my talents in terms of disrespect; that you were envious of my growing fame, and had been devising a thousand schemes to supplant me. My self-love was wrought upon, and, poor weak mortal that I was, I suffered myself to be imperceptibly betrayed into bitterness against you, and ended by hating and despising you.

The alarms of war came at this period to disturb the general repose. You had lately returned from a professional tour in which you had greatly added to your former fame, and were about to proceed on another journey of the same kind. I was desirous of following your example, but could not obtain the consent of my father. At this time, a horde of plunderers overran our little town; and all was depredation and alarm. My father's house fell a prey to the flame. Distracted at the idea of losing my favourite books, and forgetful of everything and of myself too, I flew up the burning staircase, and not appearing for some time, was given up for lost. Scarcely had I reached the street in safety, when I learned that, at the risk of your life, you had rushed into the flames to save me. My breast, which had been but too long closed against you, was at once opened to the impressions of love, gratitude, and affection. The entreaties of a father, the urgent representations of the multitude, death itself staring me in the face, nothing could prevent me entering the burning ruins to perform the same generous office which you had intended for me. Through waving flames, falling beams, and suffocating smoke, I forced a passage, and found you, who were seeking me. Forgetful of danger, we flew into each other's embrace, and in the midst of the raging elements, and at the momentary hazard of falling a sacrifice to delay, we cemented that bond of love which was never again to be dissolved.

The generous service which you thus rendered me; the subsequent kindness with which you imparted to me without reserve the fruits of your knowledge and experience, showing me the world as it is, and not as it had been seen in my day dreams—teaching me to feel, that, after all, the *man* is before the *artist*, and that due honour is to be paid to the citizen and to the relations in which he stands;—how can I repeat all this, and not feel impressed with a deep sense of what I owe you; with a desire to proclaim aloud, that if you have given to the world an artist, he is a grateful one, and that it is from your abundance he has been replenished.

It is a source of painful reflection to me, that the very course you took to serve me, should also prove the cause of our separation. You gave me to reap the harvest of that soil, which you had sown and prepared. The part of Germany through which you intended to make a professional tour, where you were expected, announced, and recommended, you transferred to me. If the rare self-devotion of an artist, in deputing another to fill his place, raised the curiosity of many in my favour, and if the incitement not to dishonour your recommendation gave a new impulse to my exertions, and rendered my performance not altogether unworthy of notice, to whom is the merit due, but to yourself? You, whom I so misunderstood; you, who with the generous heart and enlarged soul of a true artist, thinking you recognised in me a true votary of the art, watched over my weal, and laboured to promote my rising talents.

Those only who know the thousand ramifications through which the interests of a professional tour are spread—who know that the frame of an artist travels through the world in a direction peculiar to itself, and that the same sparks

which emanate from genius will be kindled into a flame in one place, while in another they will be suffered to evaporate without notice—those only can justly appreciate the greatness of the sacrifice which you made in my behalf.

I, however, can duly appreciate it; and if I now repeat it with honest pride and triumph of heart, it is because I feel its value more sensibly than ever I did before.

See, dearest *confrere*, how I am constantly betraying myself; at one moment exhibiting an humble pride, at another a proud humiliation; alternately elevated and depressed.

But am I a solitary instance of this? or am I to consider it as belonging to the nature of artists in general? I could certainly wish that the latter were the case, but cannot see sufficient reason for concluding it to be so; I think it must rather be ascribed to that power, which I feel at times bearing the mastery within me, and whose weight I cannot always shake off.

But I think I see you laughing at my reveries: I therefore return to the purport of my letter.

It has often been a subject of regret to me, that all I know both of the theoretical and practical parts of my art, (and I have read and studied much,) has been learned in a desultory manner; one part being tacked on to another, rather than forming a consistent whole.

I have experienced the evil of this in many instances, and particularly on a late occasion. A *Doctor Medicina*, a confoundedly shrewd fellow, applied to me to learn thorough bass. He so pestered me with his *whys* and *wherefores*, and setting at nought all the respect due to the authority of great names, was so bent upon giving a reason of his own for everything, that in spite of all my book-learning, I was frequently reduced to silence. These daily disputes grew at last so annoying, that I was obliged to come to something like terms with my restive pupil; I therefore at last succeeded in bringing him to agree that certain things were to be taken for granted as allowable, and others as prohibited, without stating the *why*, or being at the trouble to learn the *wherefore*.

It is said that Bach did *this*, that Handel would not have done *that*, and that Mozart would have done *the other*; and should a composer have the good fortune to hit upon something which these geniuses did not, there are not wanting those who would strike it out of the piece altogether, because no precedent can be found *why* it should be so. In no art is there so great a want of standard rules, of a sure foundation upon which to raise the superstructure, as in music. It is always feeling, and nothing but feeling—but who will have the presumption to say—‘mine alone is the *right one*?’ Henceforth, therefore, I am resolved to treat the art, like every other science, conformably to school rules. To the disciple in other sciences it is said: ‘You have first to learn *this*, and then to proceed to *the other*; from such a principle such a consequence follows; and so on till you are finished.’ Finished? you will say: assuredly; always understanding the term relatively, and within certain limits.

(To be continued.)

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#### DR FRANKLIN ON MUSIC.

WRITTEN TO LORD KAIMS.

In my passage to America, I read your excellent work, the ‘Elements of Criticism,’ in which I found great entertainment. I only wished you had examined more fully the subject of music, and demonstrated that the pleasure artists feel in hearing much of that composed in the modern taste, is not the natural pleasure arising from melody, or harmony of sounds, but of the same kind with the pleasure we feel on seeing the surprising feats of tumblers and rope dancers, who execute difficult things. For my part, I take this to be really the case, and suppose it the reason why those who are unpractised in music, and therefore unacquainted with those difficulties, have little or no pleasure in hearing this music. Many pieces of it are mere compositions of tricks. I have

sometimes, at a concert, attended by a common audience, placed myself so as to see all their faces, and observed no signs of pleasure in them during the performance of a great part of what was admired by the performers themselves; while a plain old Scotch tune, which they disdained, and could scarcely be prevailed upon to play, gave manifest and general delight.

Give me leave, on this occasion, to extend a little the sense of your position that 'melody and harmony are separately agreeable, and in union delightful;' and to give it as my opinion, that the reason why the Scotch tunes have lived so long, and will probably live for ever, (if they escape being stifled in modern affected ornament) is merely this, that they are really compositions of melody and harmony united, or rather, that their melody is harmony—I mean the simple tunes sung by a single voice. As this will appear paradoxical, I must explain my meaning. In common acceptation, indeed, only an agreeable *succession* of sounds is called *melody*, and only the *co-existence* of agreeable sounds, *harmony*. But since the memory is capable of retaining, for some moments, a perfect idea of the pitch of a past sound, so as to compare with it the pitch of a succeeding sound, and judge truly of their agreement or disagreement, there may and does arise from thence, a sense of harmony between the present and past sounds, equally pleasing with that between two present sounds. Now the construction of the old Scotch tune is this, that almost every succeeding emphatical note is a third, a fifth, an octave, or, in short, some note that is in accordance with the preceding note. Thirds are chiefly used, which are very pleasing concord. I use the word *emphatical* to distinguish those notes which have a stress laid on them in singing the tune, from the lighter connecting notes, that serve merely, like grammar articles in common speech, to tack the whole together.

That we have a most perfect idea of a sound just past, I might appeal to all acquainted with music, who know how easy it is to repeat a sound in the same pitch with one just heard. In tuning an instrument, a good ear can as easily determine that two strings are in unison by sounding them separately, as by sounding them together; their disagreement is also as easily, I believe I may say more easily and better distinguished, when sounded separately; for when sounded together, though you know by the beating that one is higher than the other, you cannot tell which it is. I have ascribed to memory the ability of comparing the pitch of a present tone with that of one past. But if there should be, as there possibly may be, something in the ear, similar to what we find in the eye, that ability would not be entirely owing to memory. Possibly the vibrations given to the auditory nerves by a particular sound, may actually continue some time after the cause of those vibrations is past, and the agreement or disagreement of a subsequent sound become, by comparison with them, more discernible: for the impression made on the visual nerves by a luminous object will continue for twenty or thirty seconds. Sitting in a room, look earnestly at the middle of a window a little while when the day is bright, and then shut your eyes; the figure of the window will still remain in the eye, and so distinct, that you may count the panes. A remarkable circumstance attending this experiment is, that the impression of forms is better retained than that of colours; for after the eyes are shut, when you first discern the image of the window, the panes appear dark, and the cross bars of the sashes, with the window frames and walls, appear white or bright; but if you still add to the darkness in the eyes by covering them with your hand, the reverse instantly takes place—the panes appear luminous, and the cross bars dark; and by removing the hand, they are again reversed. This I know not how to account for.

Farther, when we consider by whom these ancient tunes were composed, and how they were first performed, we shall see that such harmonical succession of sounds were natural and even necessary in their construction. They were composed by the minstrels of those days, to be played on the harp, accompanied by the voice. The harp was strung with wire, which gives a sound of long continuance, and had no contrivance like that in the modern harpsichord, by which the sound of the preceding could be stopt, the moment a succeeding note began. To avoid actual discord, it was therefore necessary that the succeeding emphatic note should be a chord with the preceding, as their sound must exist at the same

time. Hence arose that beauty in those times, that has so long pleased, and will please for ever, though men scarce know why.

That these tunes were originally composed for the harp, and of the most simple kind (I mean a harp without any half notes but those of the natural scale, and with no more than two octaves of strings, from C to C), I conjecture from another circumstance, which is, that not one of those tunes, really ancient, has a single artificial note in it, and that in tunes where it was most convenient for the voice to use the middle notes of the harp, and place the key in F, then the B, which, if used, would be a B flat, is always omitted by passing over it with a third. The connoisseurs in modern music will say that I have no taste; but I cannot help adding, that I believe our ancestors, in hearing a good song distinctly articulated, sung to one of those tunes, and accompanied by the harp, felt more real pleasure than is communicated by the generality of modern operas, exclusive of that arising from the scenery and dancing. Most tunes of late composition, not having this natural harmony united with their melody, have recourse to the artificial harmony of a bass, and other accompanying parts. This support, in my opinion, the old tunes do not need, and are rather confused than aided by it. Whoever has heard James Oswald play them on his violoncello will be less inclined to dispute this with me. I have more than once seen tears of pleasure in the eyes of his auditors; and yet, I think, even *his* playing those tunes would please more, if he gave them less modern ornament.—I am, &c.

"B. FRANKLIN."

## CORRESPONDENCE.

### ENGLISH OPERA DISCORDS.

SIR,—Although I am aware that disputes between tweedledum and tweedledee would be better kept from the public eye, yet as Mr. Phillips in his defence, published in your paper of yesterday, has made some statements calculated to mislead, I beg the favour of your inserting a few lines explanatory of that which more particularly refers to myself. Mr. Phillips says, that on his return from Dublin, he found, to his utter astonishment, that the salaries, with the solitary exception of his own, had been augmented more than one-half of what the parties had ever received before. I never took the trouble to ascertain the salaries of the performers in any theatre, and I do not know whether those attached to the names of the other gentlemen are more than double what they ever received. I only know that in my case it is not true, and I understand the salary list was never altered from its original form, which was submitted to all the parties before any agreement was entered into. On the 20th of January last I was waited on by Mr. Balfe, and solicited by him to join the English Opera-House at a sharing salary of 20*l.* a week, which he stated was to be the maximum salary, and that Mr. Phillips was "heart and soul" in the affair, and had accepted of the same terms. I agreed, stating at the same time that I should be obliged to leave the theatre for three weeks, in April, to fulfil an engagement I had already formed. It is strange that Mr. Phillips should lay hold of the salary list as one of his great objections, for it has only been nominal after all; and, in a conversation I had with him before he went to Dublin, relative to the salaries we had agreed to take, he mentioned that he did not care whether he ever received a penny, and that he should play any part and do everything he was asked to do to promote the success of the theatre.

What Mr. Phillips calls a still greater act of injustice towards him in giving me a salary of 30*l.* a week for several weeks is this:—He knows very well that in my agreement I stipulated to leave the theatre for three weeks, to fulfil my previously-formed engagement in Dublin, which was to commence on Easter Monday, and that it was arranged that Mr. Macfarren's opera was to be done during my absence, as there was no part for me in it. As Easter drew near, it was considered by Mr. Balfe and the gentlemen composing the committee, that my absence from the theatre at such a time would cause much inconvenience; and at their urgent request, and with a desire on my own part to do all in my power for the success of the theatre, I arranged with Mr. Calcraft to give up my engagement in Dublin. I had not received a salary from the commencement any more than Mr. Phillips, and yet I consented to forego an engagement of 60*l.* a week for three weeks, and my benefit, and to receive in lieu thereof from Mr. Balfe a promise to be paid 30*l.* a week—about one-third of what I should have received had I gone to fulfil my engagement. Mr. Phillips was summoned to every meeting for business; and if he had



attended any of the meetings, he might have objected to this "act of injustice" in time to prevent its taking place. I wish with all my heart he had done so.—I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

41, Regent-square, May 4, 1841.

JOHN WILSON.

[The above has appeared in most of the newspapers, but we print it in conformity with our last week's resolution, and of the well-known honest maxim—*Audi alteram partem*.—ED. M. W.]

#### REVIEW.

*Oh, my Native Woodland Dell; Ballad.* Words by W. H. Ollivier; Music by J. P. Knight. Monro and May, London. Wood and Co., Edinburgh.

We are exceedingly sorry that our office should be so much one of censure; but, however disagreeable it be, we must do our duty, and give our opinion honestly. The melody of this song is in as bad taste as the harmony, and the harmony is in as bad taste as is possible. The third bar contains octaves between the upper part of the accompaniment and the bass. The melody supposes the key of C, the accompaniment the key of F. The fourth bar is, as the third, as bad as it can be. We cannot recommend this to our readers. The words are merely stupid.

*Gems of German Song, by the most Admired Composers, with Pianoforte Accompaniment.* Words by W. Bartholomew, Esq.; Book 9. J. J. Ewer and Co.

This being the *ninth* book may perhaps account for the gems not being of the first water, and for some of them even being paste; we do not recollect whether the others were real stones or not—we hope so. This book consists of nine songs; the first, by Methfessel, is a pretty trifle; there is in it little to praise, nothing to condemn: the words are in five verses; the feeling of the poetry is very fresh; there is a pretty piece of tautology in the fourth verse—"He'll soon become as wise as you, before he grows much older." If he'll soon become wise, we think it will most probably be before he grows much older.

The second song is by Weber; we recollect to have seen it (we think in the "Harmonicon"), years ago, under the title, "Alas, the spell too fast hath bound me." This song, we must confess, we do not like so much as most persons do, because of the fantastic character of the melody. As a piece of harmony it is exceedingly beautiful, but it has every appearance of having been written first, and the melody added afterwards.

The third, by Beethoven, is a rhapsody, without any melody in the voice part, for what it is, it is done in the manner of a man who knows his business; but we do not admire it.

The fourth, by Krebs (with whose name we have as yet had but little acquaintance), consists of isolated snatches of tune in the voice, which are very neatly accompanied. The two verses in the words are badly constructed; the first verse begins at night, then passes to the morning, with the burthen, "Waking I think of thee." The second begins at night, and remains there with the burthen, "Sleeping I think of thee;" here the antithesis of the night and day in the two verses is not well preserved.

The fifth is another elegant trifle by Weber; we should think this was written by Weber to please some blue-eyed lover of laughter of his acquaintance. It is short and sweet.

The sixth, by J. Freudenthal, is very peculiar; the melody is all broken to bits by childish imitations between it and the accompaniment at the beginning; afterwards, where the melody is more continuous, it is very common place.

The seventh, by Otto Loewe, is very short, and differs in no respect from hundreds of English trifles, excepting that it modulates to a considerable distance from the key, and comes back very clumsily. Why go to Germany for these trifles when we have so many men in England who could have done them so much better?

The eighth is a song of five pages, by C. Kreutzer; it is very long and very tiresome; it is full of modulation and transitions in the accompaniment, with

some notes picked therefrom to go to the words. The manner in which the chords are distributed into the arpeggios involves fifths in all directions; we do not mind this, where the chords are evidently written so as to be easy of execution; but here, where they are not so written, there is no excuse.

The ninth and last, is by Spohr, and is a perfect treat after the awkward attempts we have passed over. Thank God! here at last is a melody, and a pretty one. As these songs are to be had separately, we should recommend our readers to buy this and this alone.

Mr. Ewer! Mr. Ewer! why will you think that all things foreign must be good, and that nothing can be good, which is not so. For our own parts, the pleasure we have derived from the acquaintance we have made with the new names in this book is, by no means such as to induce us to wish to increase that acquaintance.

Why do not music masters in England refuse to teach any music composed by foreigners, unless that music be at least equal in its kind to that which can be produced by native artists. We think talent is a cosmopolite, and we should be sorry to see great exotic talent banished for inferior indigenous talent, but when the case is reversed, how destructive is it to art! Even in the first case, it leaves all the competition between natives; and, in the second, either entirely cramps the energy, or, as is frequently the case in music, makes a man bring forward his work under a feigned foreign name, and thus merely increases the odium against his country, instead of raising her name.

*Songs of the Seasons. No. 3. The Song of Autumn. Poetry by W. Webbe, Esq.; Music by Charles Farrier. J. H. Keats.*

In this song Mr. Farrier has made his slender materials look as much as he can. The first verse consists of sixteen bars, the second of the same; then the first eight bars are repeated again, as a sort of coda. The melody, where not disagreeable, is very common-place; the first phrase is *notatim*, the same as the second phrase of "Jenny Jones;" at the sixth bars are exceedingly disagreeable octaves, between the D A and B of the bass and the same notes of the upper part. At the first bar of the second part, on the G pedal, the 4 on F is followed by the 4 on G, the F, the seventh of the chord, rising to G. The same thing occurs at the third bar, as the author, to make the most of them, repeats the two first bars of exquisite common-place. The progression from D minor to E minor is not agreeable to our ears. The "cadenza ad lib" is very exceptionally written; if the sound of the seventh on C cease before the cadence is finished, we think few persons (from the cadence itself) would have any idea the song was going back into F.

We should recommend Mr. Farrier to take a few more lessons in harmony, and, for some time, to distribute his compositions in MS. to his friends of the Chelsea Sacred Harmonic Society, before he publishes again. We should likewise recommend him to keep constantly before his eyes, that the applause of a man's friends is not the applause of the world. The words are very much better than the music.

*The time that I regret. Poetry by Miss M. Farrar; Music by Charles Horn, Jun. Monro and May.*

This is a tolerably pretty, easy song, and very neatly accompanied: The harmonies to the repetition of the words, "The time that I regret," though by no means new, are very pleasant. We object to the word "Many" having only a semiquaver to the first syllable; and the word "Love" having only a semiquaver to it likewise. We also object to the cross resolution in the third bar, where the seventh on D is followed by the sixth on B flat. The resolution of the seventh should be in the same part as that in which the seventh is taken. Having pointed out what we consider as the faults, we recommend it to our fair readers. The general feeling of the words is very good; but we think that after the line "The time that I regret," there is no occasion for the line which follows, "Is the time which is no more:—" the word regret necessarily alludes to time past.

*The Vocalists' Daily Practice, arranged by Frank F. Cuisset.*

This is merely a quantity of passages copied out from Singing Tutors, with



one very disagreeable alteration. For the first seven Exercises, wherever the seventh of the scale occurs, and that seventh falls, it is written minor, as B flat if in the key of C; the next time, when ascending, and only two or three notes after, as the case may be, it is written major. The same thing occurs in a particularly disagreeable manner in Exercise 21. This is quite enough to destroy the ear, and all feeling for key. As these exercises are unaccompanied, we decidedly object to the *divisions* from songs (as they are called) which occur towards the end, as precisely in proportion as facility in singing them is acquired, is the feeling for key, harmony, and clearness in melody, destroyed. The keys being unconnected by harmonies, the passages sound all confusion, unless the singer can think the proper accompaniment, which we do not imagine many singers are likely to do.

### MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE. METROPOLITAN.

MRS. A. TOULMIN'S AND MR. J. PARRY'S CONCERT.—An exceedingly full, and very fashionable audience complimented these meritorious artists by their presence, on Friday evening last, at the Hanover-square Rooms, when upwards of seven hundred and twenty persons were present. The concert was a vocal one, and was powerfully supported by Mrs. Toulmin, Mesdames Rainforth, Birch, Woodyatt, Brooks, Dolby, Hawes,; Messrs. Hobbs, Wilson, G. Marshall, E. Taylor, and J. Parry, who exerted themselves with their usual ability and success. The novelty of the evening was a "Dramatic Scene" in the Extravaganza style, for *soprano, tenor, bass*, and "*select chorus*,"—the whole vocated by Mr. J. Parry in an amazingly ubiquitous and protean style, hitting off, with the most unmistakeable *vraisemblance*, the *prima donna* airs, first *tenor* graces, and *bass* grumbings, of the modern school; the piece is cleverly set, and with his humorous delivery and adroit accompaniment, will assuredly give a tone of merriment to many a long (and it may be drowsy, for such are not uncommon) musical evening. In Mr. Balfe's predicament, as commander of a mutinous ship, we are surprised that he does not turn his eye and his ear towards Mr. Parry and his fair co-partner on this occasion; we recollect Mrs. Toulmin's early efforts, as a member of the late Mr. Elliston's Juvenile Operatic Corps, at the Surrey Theatre, and we are sure the public has not forgotten the marvellous precocity and great dramatic promise of Miss Fanny Woodham. The maturity of this lady's talent under the best masters, during a subsequent residence in Italy, obviously qualifies her for the station of principal singer in our national theatre, at present so inadequately filled; while Mr. Parry's natural humour and cultivated musical talent, seem to mark him out for a higher celebrity on the stage than he has yet acquired in the concert-room.

The entertainment was agreeably diversified by a violin solo by Mr. Blagrove, a charming clarionet piece by Mr. Lazarus, a harp fantasia by M. Godefroid, recently arrived in this country, who did everything *possible* with his instrument, and by the first machination this season of the "Pianoforte Wizard," M. Liszt, who did yet *more*—his execution of the *Guillaume Tell* overture surpassed in brilliance, rapidity, expression, and power, even his own extraordinary performance of last year. On being unanimously recalled, he tore the National Anthem to ribbons, and thereby fogged the glory he had just achieved. Let him eschew such hyper erudite monstrosities—let him stick to the "recital" of sane and sanative music, and he will attain a reputation above all contemporary musical *mono-facturers*—and what is more, deserve it.

We recommend Messieurs, the undertakers of theatrical speculations in a small way, to engage M. Liszt as an orchestra, and Mr. J. Parry as an operatic company; the former would ensure that great desideratum in theatres, unity in the Band—and the latter, by taking *all* the principal characters in an opera, would prevent those ridiculous envies and jealousies which, more or less, create the discord and ruin of the lyrical drama: thus, these two gentlemen might be announced (as Mrs. Johnson's soothing syrup is to mothers), a real blessing to managers!

ROYAL ACADEMY CONCERT.—A second very mediocre performance took place on Saturday, before an extremely crowded audience, nine-tenths of whom, we are persuaded, quitted the Hanover-square Rooms at its close, utterly wearied out by the long list of alternate bad pieces, and inefficient performance. We, on the last occasion, addressed ourselves to Mr. Potter, who in his office of "Principal" of the Academy, seems to us to be entirely responsible for its musical misdoings; but, as that gentleman appears (very unaccountably for so right-minded a person), indifferent to the performance of his duty, or, somehow, cramped in his just influence over the conduct of the Academy and its pupils, we call upon Mr. Lucas, the orchestral director, who may, perhaps, have "a voice potential" in the making up of concert bills as well as other petty functional matters, to spare the subscribers and the public, who congregate so multitudinously on such occasions, the infliction of mutilated classical works, and the unbearable trashiness of Donizetti and his compeers—stuff such as he, when a boy in the lower ranks of the Academy, would not have ventured to exhibit as an exercise to Dr. Crotch without a change of countenance like that of the strawberry, which is born white and blushes scarlet. The givers of concerts may find their advantage in warbling these venal trifles, by way of easy examples to the thrifty young ladies who purchase tickets for the sake of a cheap lesson; but what good can accrue to Miss Fitzpatrick, Miss Lear, Miss Mason, or Miss Bassano; or what pleasure is derivable by an audience assembled to hear the efforts of a classical institution, or what credit is reflected on that institution itself, by a selection scarcely above the par of a breaking-up *Exposition* at "Roselawn House Establishment," for the genteelizing of citizen's daughters? Do, prythee, Mr. Lucas, commiserate us and the rest of the enduring visitors of the Academy concerts: have some compassion for the trembling fame of the Academy and its students, and bethink you of the days when your own young hopes were high, and an Academy concert was a thing to create a sensation out of doors, and be proud of at home.

The only creditable piece of vocality was Mozart's "Dolci corde amate," very skilfully sung by Miss Dolby, who, doubtless, rejoiced in her emancipation from the thraldom of academical pupillage, and, choosing for herself, evinced her own better taste and discretion. We had Beethoven's E flat *Concerto*, that perennial and ever blooming amaranth flower nipt in the bud; Miss Macirone handled this exquisite blossom of genius with great delicacy and care; but, at the close of the first movement, and just as her audience and herself began to be warmed by its inspiration, lo! the interdict was spoken, another Italian opacity came between us and the sun—

"And darkness rested on the mournful waves."

We had also another maimed and mangled *Concerto*—Hummel's in A minor—very cleverly played by Mr. Pickering as far as it went, viz., to the chin, and no deeper. Mr. Smith, however, gave us a counterbalance to these atrocities, by exhibiting the lower members (that is to say, the adagio and rondo), of a violin *Concerto*, by Maurer! For mercy's sake, Mr. Lucas, if Mr. Potter will *not* insist upon justice being done to composers, students, and hearers, do you, with a plausible return to your youthful waggery, *forget* that abbreviations have been commanded, and play the pieces right through as they were written, and intended to be. It is very probable the commanding dunces, whoever they may be, will sleep on, unconscious alike of the music and of the satisfaction it creates. An overture composed by H. B. Richards is extremely commendable; as the production of a tyro—he has evidently kept Spohr and Weber (particularly the *Oberon* overture), in his musical eye, "when in a fine frenzy rolling," and given to some of their "airy nothings a local habitation" in his own aspiring castle. We believe this is a last year's production, and we think Mr. Richards can do better things at present. Mr. Loder did his *possible* with a half drilled orchestra, in the absence of Mr. Cramer, who, we regret to learn, is still severely indisposed.

QUARTET CONCERTS.—The last, and, taken as a whole, perhaps the best of these most charming *soirées*, took place on Monday, when a larger number of

intellectual music lovers was congregated than we have had the pleasure to meet on any previous performance of the season. Haydn's No. 31 in E flat was the topmost pearl of the programme; it was most excellently played by Messrs. Blagrove, Gattie, Dando, and Lucas, and created a very considerable sensation; indeed, the delicious *Affetuoso Sostenuto* in A flat major, was decidedly encored, though, to our very great regret, not repeated. In the whole range of our musical recollection, we can call to mind no single movement so full of that sweet sorcery, that at once catches hold of the mind and the feelings, and lures them far out of this material world into regions of calm, and soft virgin sunlight, and violet-scented air—once visited, never to be forgotten. Mrs. Siddons was used to say, she expected to expire in earnest at the conclusion of the dying scene of Queen Catherine, in Henry VIII., so powerfully did the simple grandeur of its pathos affect her heart and imagination. Of such a quality is this lovely slow movement; the most painful death-bed might be soothed by it; we should like to sustain one part in the performance of it when our own hour is at hand, and we are persuaded the gates of Elysium would be more suitably entered under its influence. The whole of this quartet is a surprising instance of what Dr. Johnson would have called "the potentiality of genius," which, like Nature herself, often produces the most perfect work out of the most simple material.

Misses Birch and Woodyatt then gave us the "Come di pace" from Mozart's *Clemenza di Tito*, indifferently well; and Miss Dolby sang—"Sang"—we repeat the word as our highest eulogium, Haydn's fine masterly dramatic *scena* (or *cantata* in old language) of "Ariadne awaking to discover the perfidy of Theseus." What a charming picture is here! The sea shore—the waking beauty—her passion—the broad waves—the receding ship of the faithless lover—all are vividly present. The piece is a Daguerreotype, created long ere the French philosopher dreamed of his discovery. The first part terminated with a *trio* of Beethoven in D major, op. 70, one of the well known gems of the great master; it was well executed throughout, though we thought M. Benedict's rendering of the pianoforte part somewhat less bright and fervid than might have been expected from his highly cultivated artistical feeling.

The second part opened with a Quartet by Fesca, new to this country; it is in E major (from op. 2), and presents abundant opportunities for the display of executional prowess—the *Andante* in B major, is a pleasant little instrumental ballad. Mozart's "Non temer" followed, in which Miss Birch woke up now and then from her constitutional frost sleep. Miss Woodyatt next warbled Schubert's song, "Thy face in every blooming flower," very pleasantly; and Miss Dolby, whose fine voice and intelligence are ripening every hour, shared the merit of a vociferous encore with Winter, and Miss Birch, in that composer's fascinating duet from *Proserpina*—"Vaghi colli." Last came the C major Quartet, op. 59, of Beethoven. Who that has heard it, forgets the *Andante*?—that singularly fine movement in A minor; with its wavy continuity—its reiterated freshness—its cheerful monotony—such as must have inspired Byron when he wrote that sublime sea-side apostrophe in one of the latter cantos of *Childe Harold*. Alas! there is frailty in catgut as well as mortality; and the effect of this extraordinary Quartet had well nigh been marred by the fracture of a fiddle-string; the mischance was, however, soon rectified by Mr. Blagrove, and the fugal *finale*, matchless in its elaborations and design—almost equally matchless in the perfection of its delivery—brought these truly first-rate Concerts to an appropriate close. To parody Dryden's great line on Milton—

"The power of music could no further go."

THE MISSES PYNE'S CONCERT was very well attended on Tuesday, at the Hanover Square Rooms, and appeared to afford general satisfaction. The selection was of a familiar *genre*, and the performance had more the air of a domestic evening party than a public concert—if the formal rows of worsted covered benches had been removed, and groupes of chairs substituted, with here and there a table and a vase of flowers, we are sure the arrangement would have been more agreeable to the company—we throw out this hint for the benefit of concert givers and their patrons during the coming warm and floral season—to par-

ties, not expecting a very crowded room, the novelty would be obviously advantageous, and even in cases of a "cram" (to use a genteel vulgarism), we have the highest fashionable authority for believing that the greater the crowd, the more agreeable is the entertainment.

A variety of songs and glees were well sung by Miss Birch, Messrs. J. Bennett, Broadhurst, Robinson, J. Parry, &c. several of which were enchored as were the Misses Pyne in C. Horn's duet—"I know a bank," which they gave with great sweetness and effect. Hummel's Septuor was charmingly played by Miss Chipp, Messrs. Willy, G. Cooke, C. Smart, Clinton, Jarret, and Hausmann, the three latter of whom performed each a solo on his respective instrument with great applause. Sir George Smart conducted.

MADAME CARADORI ALLEN'S CONCERT.—The Opera concert room was crowded to overflow yesterday (Wednesday) afternoon, to what is denominated a morning concert, it was a vocal performance supported by the unrivalled talent of Mesdames Grisi, Persiani, Viardot Garcia, Signori Rubini, Mario, Brizzi, Tamburini, and the two Lablaches—and last, though by no means inferior, our's, and the public's especial favourite, Madame C. A. herself. The orchestra, void of fiddles and basses, the ordinary *utile* of a concert, was occupied by the *dulce*—an extraordinary galaxy of beauty and fashion—thus touching the heart, through the eye instead of the ear.

It is scarcely necessary to notice the efforts of the vocalists, which were, of course, as near perfection as can be imagined. Sig. Mario sang a new *Romanza* composed by Schirra, *Non e la vaga Rosa*—it is a pleasant piece, and was well accompanied on the horn by Sig. Puzzi; as was Paer's *Una voce al cor mi parla*, by Mr. Williams, on the clarionet, which received ample justice from the taste and skill of Mme. Caradori. Mozart's *Septuor* from *Don Giovanni*, supported by "all the talents," formed an excellent finale to the first act; but Mme. Caradori kept our spirits from flagging, by warbling in her most fascinating manner, a Scotch, and an Irish air, both of which she was called upon to repeat—she also sang a French *Romançe*, by Clapesson, accompanied on the oboe, by M. Barret—*La Croix des Champs*, it was very favourably received. Mme. Caradori likewise sang a new duet with Sig. Rubini, *Il mio ben tu sola sei*, the composition of Guglielmi. The king tenor also gave us Mozart's exquisite *Il mio tesoro*, in his usual *nonpareil* manner.

M. Vieuxtemps played his *capriccio* with marvellous delicacy, brilliancy, and expression, and with more than its usual effect; for, being divorced from its orchestral accompaniment, it appeared like what it really is—an exquisite "exercise" for the violin—and not a butterfly in the trappings of a war horse. Beethoven's beautiful Quintet in E flat, for pianoforte and wind instruments, was announced for performance, but was abridged of its principal movement, we suppose, in consequence of the half hour lost at the beginning of the concert by the non-arrival of the singers; however, the mutilation was charmingly played by Mrs. Anderson, Messrs. Barret, Williams, Baumann, and Puzzi; and Mme. Caradori's host of friends were highly delighted by the entertainment provided for them.

MRS. HENRY MASON'S CONCERT.—(*From a Correspondent.*)—This performance took place in the Hanover-square Rooms, and was one of the most fully attended we have had this season. Mrs. Mason is very highly esteemed as a performer on the pianoforte and harp, and a ballad composer of genius and taste; which various talents were shown to great advantage in the course of the evening. Her performance of the adagio and allegro movements of one of Beethoven's finest sonatas (in which she was ably accompanied on the violin by Mr. Dando) was in a pure and classical style, and formed an excellent contrast to the composition of Doehler which she had played previously. A grand concertante duet for harp and violin, was also admirably played by her and Mr. Dando.

Mme. Caradori Allan, Miss Birch, Miss Dolby, Mr. W. Seguin, and Mr. F. Lablache, sang several pieces by Mrs. Mason. The whole entertainment was exceedingly agreeable, and went off with extraordinary spirit and *éclat*.

## PROVINCIAL.

[This department of the Musical World is compiled and abridged from the provincial press, and from the letters of our country correspondents. The editors of the M. W. are, therefore, not responsible for any matter of opinion it may contain, beyond what their editorial signature is appended to.]

**RICHMOND—Musical Conversations.**—This society closed its first season with the end of the last month. The subscribers (professionals and amateurs of the neighbourhood), have expressed the greatest satisfaction upon the general arrangements. In the course of the meetings, which took place in Mr. W. Etherington's music room, every alternate week, between the 1st of September and the 30th of April, the members have performed the original quintets of Beethoven and Mozart, and the orchestral symphonies of Haydn, Romberg, &c. The vocal department consisted of the most favourite glees of the ancient and modern composers. A Miss Sophia Keene (pupil of Mr. Platt), sustained the soprano parts with much credit to her instructor, leaving an impression upon her hearers of future greatness in the art.

**BATH.**—The proprietors of the Grand Pump Room, have announced their intention, during the summer season, of presenting musical performances and other novelties under the title of Promenades d'Eté. A series of seven concerts was commenced on Saturday afternoon, by the highly accomplished Distin family, and the performances of these masters of the bugle, French horn, trumpet, trombone, &c., received that meed of applause which their pre-eminent talents, and the spirited efforts of the lessees so highly merit.

**CHELTEMHAM.**—The Montpellier Musical Promenades commenced on Tuesday afternoon, in the Gardens, opposite the Pump Room—the band performing in the Chinese Pagoda, and Master Taylor, with his father, on a stage erected for them under one of the trees on the lawn. Thus the flow of music was maintained continuously during the whole of the time—the harp and the wind instruments playing alternately. The afternoon was peculiarly fine, and the assemblage of gay and fashionable promenaders exceedingly numerous. The second promenade took place on Thursday, and was equally well attended. Next week the Evening Promenades are to begin—alternately with the afternoon performances; and if an augury of the season may be drawn from its commencement, that of 1841 will assuredly prove the most brilliant that the amusements of Cheltenham have ever known.

## MISCELLAENOUS.

**ENGLISH OPERA.**—It is said Mr. Wilson has seceded from the company; be this as it may, Mr. Fraser has joined it, and Ricci's *Scaramoucia*, in which he performed so successfully two years since, will be revived on Saturday.

**GERMAN OPERA.**—Mozart's *Figaro* was played last night with tolerable success; we are surprised Mr. Bunn should venture at so pointed a rivalry of the Italian company, especially in an opera which necessarily precludes the assistance of the chorus; it is like a general going into battle without his grenadiers and great guns.

**ITALIAN OPERA.**—*La Straniera* will be produced this evening for the *debut* of Mdle. Sophia Læwe, of whom rehearsal reports are extravagantly commendatory. Mdle. Cerito returns to complete the overwhelming attraction of this establishment: every box and stall are let for several nights in advance.

**OPERA COMIQUE, PARIS.**—Auber's favourite opera, *Zanetta*, is about to be revived, with a new "cast," and an entirely new *mis en scene*. Boieldieu's *Dame Blanche* is in rehearsal.

**THE MELODIST'S CLUB.**—The fourth meeting of this society, held on Thursday last, was a very brilliant one; nearly seventy persons dined in the Freemason's Hall, Lord Burghersh in the chair. "Non Nobis Domine" was finely sung, also several glees and songs by the following professionals—Messrs. Bellamy, Terrail, King, Stansbury, Parry, Parry junior, Bennet, Blewitt, H. Gear, C. Taylor, Allen, Wiess, Machin, &c. &c. In the course of the evening Mr. Benedict performed a fantasia on the pianoforte, introducing *La ci darem*, and *St. Patrick's Day*, which elicited very great applause; and he accompanied Herr David in a solo on the violin, which the latter performed most admirably. Mr. Richardson played "Rousseau's Dream" with variations on the flute, accompanied on the pianoforte by Mr. Parry, junior, in a very brilliant manner. The prizes offered by the Club for a Ballad and a Rondo, will be awarded on the 27th instant.



**THE GLEE CLUB.**—The last meeting of the fifty-fourth season took place at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, on Saturday last, when a very numerous party was assembled; John Capel, Esq., in the chair. The following professional persons were present:—Messrs. Bellamy, Hawes, Evans, Horsley, Sale, Terrail, Parry, C. Taylor, Fitzwilliam, Moxley, Spencer, King, Payne, Collyer, and Walmisley, who, in the course of the evening, sung "Non Nobis," "Glorious Apollo" (composed for the Club by Webbe), "The Earfew," "Return, my lovely Maid," "Come, bounteous May," "No riches," "As a rosy wreath," "Mark, where the Silver Queen of Night," "Come, gentle Zephyr," "The first of the May," "Happy are we met," &c., &c. Songs were sung by Messrs. C. Taylor, Collyer, and Fitzwilliam, and Mr. Parry performed on the symphonica. The evening was passed in a very harmonious and convivial manner.

**PHILHARMONIC.**—The instrumental pieces selected for the concert on Monday, are Beethoven's symphony in C Minor, Haydn's letter T. Winter's overture to Tamerlane, and Spohr's *Der Berggeist*—Herr David plays a solo on the violin, and Mr. W. S. Bennett a pianoforte concerto. The singers will be Mme. Caradori Allan, Mdle. Meerti, and Sig. F. Lablache.

**THE PRUSSIAN GOVERNMENT** have purchased the musical library of professor Polchau for the sum of 1050*l.*, and have directed the works to be removed to the Royal Library, where the profession will have access at all times to this valuable store.

**MR. H. H. PHILLIPS.**—The action commenced by this gentleman against the *Sunday Times* newspaper, is arranged to stand over—we rejoice to learn this for the sake of all parties.

**MDLLE. D'ESPOURRIEN**, an accomplished *Harpiste*, is creating considerable sensation by her performance in high musical circles.

**MISS POOLE.**—This popular and promising vocalist is shortly expected to return from America, having been engaged by Mr. Macready for the next Drury-Lane season.

**THE LATE MR. GODBE.**—We have received the following from a correspondent.—"Poor Godbè—who had been, for some time, previously labouring under the effects of mental aberration, died on Thursday last, the 6th instant, in Bethnal-Green Asylum, leaving a wife and four children (with the prospect of a fifth) quite unprovided for. It is believed, and hoped that some effort will be made to get up a concert for the benefit of the destitute surviving family."

We sincerely join in the hope above expressed, and shall be most happy to render any assistance in promoting whatever may be done for the unfortunate family of a once-talented and amiable man. Could not a subscription be got up as well as a concert?—contributions will be most gladly received at our office.

**MR. NEATE'S SOIREEs.**—We are happy to learn that these very pleasant chamber concerts are about to recommence—the evenings fixed are May 20th, June 3, and 17—some newly acquired pieces of Mozart, or rather arrangements, by the author, of old favourites, will be produced.

**MR. BENEDICT'S CONCERT.**—All the singers, all the solo players, and, of course, all the dilettante of the metropolis, will be present on Monday next, at what has been aptly called, "the Monster Concert of the season."

**GLOUCESTER FESTIVAL.**—The festival of the three choirs will take place at Gloucester this year, commencing on Tuesday the 14th, and terminating on Friday the 17th.

**MUSICAL JOKE.**—One of the sharpest hits we have heard for some time, occurs in the burletta of *Beauty and the Beast*, now acting at Covent Garden Theatre, in a parody upon *I know a bank*, Messrs. J. Bland and Harley, apt scholars of the Rubini school, sing so *ultra piano* as to be obliged to breathe into each other's ear, certain passages totally inaudible to any body else.

**MUSICAL COMPETITION.**—Such has been the enthusiasm in Germany, with which Becker's poem of "*Sie sollen ihn nicht haben*" (The free the German Rhine), has been received that no less than eighty-two persons have composed music to this popular poem, among so large a number it would be almost invidious to say which is the best, those by Dr. Schumann and Lenz are the most popular, and have been selected by the various singing schools in the Rhine provinces.



PROGRAMME OF THE CONCERT OF ANCIENT MUSIC of Wednesday, May 5th, 1841, under the direction of Lord Burghersh; conductor Mr. Bishop:—

## PART I.

Coronation Anthem, The King shall rejoice .....	Handel.
Quartet, Exceeding glad.—Chorus, Glory and great worship.	
Aria, Pallido è il sole, Mme. F. Lablache (Artaserse) .....	Hasse.
Chorus, Rex! tremenda.—Quartet, Recordare Jesu pie (Requiem) ..	Mozart.
Aria, Figlia mia, Mr. Bennett (Tamerlano)* .....	Handel.
Corale, O let us praise (full choir)* .....	Martin Luther.
Aria, Rendi il sereno Signor Rubini (Sosarmes) .....	Handel.
Corale, To honour thee.—Chorus, Jesus hath left (Der Tod Jesu) .....	Graun.
Recit., Io vado.—Aria, Se cerca se dice, Mme. Viardot (L'Olimpiade)*..	Pergolesi. †
Motetto, Dal tribunal angusto, Mr Stretton* .....	Marcello.
Recit., Sposa—Euridice.—Aria, Che farò, Mme. Grisi (Orfeo) .....	Gluck.
Chorus, Glory to God! (Mass in C) .....	Beethoven.

## PART II.

Overture—(Anacreon) .....	Cherubini.
Cantata, Mad Bess, Miss Birch .....	Purcell.
Selection from a Cantata* .....	C. M. von Weber
Aria, Sento che un giusto sdegno, Sig. Lablache (Faramondo)* ..	Handel.
Quintetto (double choir), Sanctus Dominus.—Chorus, Osanna in excelsis	Palestrina, 1563.
Aria, Verdi prati, Mme. Viardot Garcia (Alicia) .....	Handel.
Selection from Orfeo, solos by Signor Rabin .....	Gluck.
Aria, Il mio ben, Mme. Grisi (Nina) .....	Paisiello.
Quartetto and Coro, O voto.—Dead March (Idomeneo) .....	Mozart.
Duetto, Prendero quel brunettino (Cosi fan tutte) Mesdames Grisi and	
Viardot Garcia .....	Mozart.
Recit. acc., Rejoice, my countrymen, Mr. Phillips.—Chorus, Sing, O ye	
heavens (Belshazzar) .....	Handel.

The pieces marked with asterisks were performed for the first time at these concerts.

## , MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

Thursday (this day)—Performance of the Sons of the Clergy in St. Paul's Cathedral.  
 Friday—Miss Steele's Evening Concert.  
 Saturday—Rehearsal of the Sixth Philharmonic Concert.  
 Monday—Rehearsal of the Seventh Ancient and Mr. Benedict's Concert in the morning; and the Philharmonic in the evening.  
 Wednesday—Miss Roedel's Concert in the morning, and the Ancient in the evening.  
 English Opera, every evening.  
 German Opera, Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday.  
 Italian Opera, Saturday, Tuesday, and Thursday.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS,

Mr. Zeitter. We did not attend Miss Chambers's concert, but we have done our best for his fair friend.

Mr. Z. T. Purday will perceive we fully enter into his benevolent views.

Mr. Aspull is thanked; he shall hear from us.

Mr. Etherington's note has been turned to the best account.

"Clio." We cannot guess in what we have offended; we should like to have the full title-page of the piece mentioned. We hope to hear soon and often from "Clio."

Mr. Ainsworth, we trust, will not again be disappointed; he, and other friends, are referred to the notice appended.

"An Amateur Fiddle-player" will be amply rewarded by a run on the rail, though he will find none of the legerdmain of "the immortal Pag."

"Pio C." is received.

"G. T. C." shall have an answer to his queries forthwith.

"G. L. M." will probably ascertain what is required respecting Mr. T. Harper, Jun., at the brass instrument warehouse of Mr. Köhler, Henrietta-street, Covent Garden.

"A Constant Reader" should apply to Mr. Smith, the Secretary of the Royal Academy of Music.

Mr. Jones is thanked; his work not being musical cannot be noticed.

Mr. Anderson must be satisfied from the tried merits of the author, that the work in question is well worth its price; we do not know the sum.

Mr. Wordsworth's letter is received and filed.

## LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Macfarlane.—Souvenir des Bouffes, Melodies from Anna Bolena and Eliza e Claudio, piano and cornet-à-pistons ..... Wessel.  
 Child and Clinton.—Six Italian Trios for cornet-à-pistons, flute and piano, in 6 nos. Ditto.

## PIANOFORTE.

Macfarlane, G.—Lanner's Vesuvian Waltzes, with cornet-à-pistons ..... Wessel.

Herrini's Studies, 6th Book, edited by C. Potter, being the 1st number of op. 66, Characteristic Studies ..... Ditto.  
 Hermann.—Les Soirees Dansantes, 2nd set of quadrilles ..... Ditto.

## VOCAL.

Weigl.—Duet, Sit my Emmeline, from Die Schweizerfamilie ..... Wessel.

**NEW MUSIC. W. S. BENNETT'S FOURTH CONCERTO** for the

Pianoforte, Dedicated to Moscheles ..... 5s.  
 Classical Practices for Pianoforte Students, selected from the most celebrated Composers, ancient and modern; intended as preparatory studies to the more abstruse and difficult compositions belonging to the present school of pianoforte playing. Edited by W. S. Bennett.

- No. 1. Clementi's Sonata, Op. 40..... 5s.  
 .. 2. Dussek's 3rd ditto, Op. 35, dedicated to Clementi ..... 5s.  
 .. 3. Haydn's Sonata, Op. 70 ..... 5s.  
 .. 4. Pinto's Sonata..... 4s.  
 .. 5. Clementi's Second Sonata, Op. 40 ..... 4s.

"Dussek's fine sonata in C minor, dedicated to Clementi, is contained in No. 2 of this work. A publication of this kind offers great advantages to the student; by its means he possesses a gratifying and improving course of practice, and, while under the auspices of such a musician as Mr. Bennett, he is insured the cream of this kind of writing at half the expense and none of the risk attendant on making a selection for himself.—*Musical World*.

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